

## Lay Your Hands On Me (Maybe) by everybreathemove

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** (I'm a shitty tagger), (kind of), Aged-Up Character(s), Canon Compliant, Drabble, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, Humor, Mentions of Hopper - Freeform, Suggestive Themes, Teen Romance, Tumblr Prompt

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-01-30

**Updated:** 2018-01-30

**Packaged:** 2022-04-20 16:34:16

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 804

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“What exactly did you tell him?”

“That we were studying,” El begins, and he’s almost comforted, “and then I asked you to kiss me. And you did.”

Surely, Hopper can’t throttle him too badly for *that*.

“And that you put your hand here.” She tugs at his right hand then, pressing his palm flat against her ribcage, just below her left breast.

“Jesus!”

Hopper’s totally gonna kill him.

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It's not that he's mad, it's just... He hadn't exactly been aware of his girlfriend's 'total honesty' policy with her father.

She wasn't supposed to tell Hopper things like... like that. Or, okay, maybe she was.

Mike knows that he's probably the one to blame here, given he's the one that overstepped a boundary and all. But she just sprung this on him; that she told her dad of their, well, extracurricular activities, no matter how small or insignificant they might be to anyone else.

(Hopper's gonna kill him, for sure.)

"Are you mad at me?"

Mike doesn't reply at first, but his eyes close, and he sighs something of a heavy breath. His fingers are twitching beneath his thighs, she can tell because his legs are bouncing up and down, jittery.

"Mike?"

"I'm not mad," he starts, and his shoulders sag as though a loaded weight has been forced on them, "I'm just, I don't know, like... annoyed." It's more of a question than a statement, and El isn't sure he intended it to be.

"With me?" Her lips are dry, so she licks them for moisture, under his gaze when he finally faces her.

He's staring, and his brows are creased, and his freckles are barely noticeable in the darkness, "No. No, I'm not- I'm not annoyed with you. Or *by* you." The boy tells her, and his hands slide out from under his legs, reaching for her own. "I'm sorry."

His palms are clammy, but she doesn't complain when he holds her hands, instead choosing to intertwine their fingers and urge him closer.

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because you were just being honest, and I overreacted. As usual." Mike reasons, "And I'm sorry. I shouldn't have acted like that."

"It's fine." Her eyes widen, as though it's going to help get her point across, help alleviate some of his... anguish. "I'm sorry, too."

"Why?"

"I shouldn't have told Hopper."

His eyebrows wiggle at that, and he slides his thumbs from her palms to her wrists, soft, "You should have." He nods, affirms, "I never should have told you not to. You should tell him things, El. Just not... everything." There's a pause. "I don't think."

The brunette smiles, though it's really more of a grin that spreads across her face and tints her cheeks, "I don't tell him everything."

The boy's expression softens, but he frowns nonetheless, "What exactly did you tell him?"

"That we were studying," El begins, and he's almost comforted, "and then I asked you to kiss me. And you did."

"Oh." Mike blinks, rapidly, and he slouches back against the couch, pulling her with him. "That's fine, I think."

(Hopper can't throttle him too badly for that.)

"And that you put your hand here."

She tugs at his right hand then, leaning back against the sofa cushions and pressing his palm flat against her ribcage, just below her left breast.

"Jesus!" Mike quickly retracts his hand, practically jumping from his seat, "You told him that?" He's not mad (really – he can't be, he knows), he's just... Shit.

El just nods, calm and steady. Her hands fall to her lap then, and she shuffles into a comfier position, legs tucking in beneath her, "He asked."

“He asked if I... did *that*?”

“No.” She almost laughs at the look of sheer disbelief on his face, “He asked if I let you.”

“You know it was an accident, right?” He squeaks, carefully avoiding brushing against her leg when he sits himself back down properly. His tone is quiet, sweet, but she can hear the panic lodged in his throat, “I mean, you *know* I didn’t mean to, right? Because I didn’t. We just- I got carried away and... And, well, I pulled it straight back.”

El, slightly annoyed with his rambling, grabs his shoulder then, and she stares him down with a look that knocks the wind and the words right out of him. She smiles, clutches at the collar of his polo shirt, “I told him I asked you to do it, Mike.”

His eyes bulge, and she’s sure he’s going to faint. “What?”

“I told him that I told you to put your hand there.” She explains, slowly and surely, and she drops her hand back to his knee when he settles down, breathing steadier. “I didn’t mind.”

“You know we can’t though, right?” He asks, and there’s but concern clear in his voice now. “We can’t do that. I mean, you know, *yet*.”

(Hopper will probably kick his ass for that.)

“We’re only fifteen, El.”

“I know.” She reassures him, “Joyce told me. The birds and the bees.”

“Right.” Mike lets out some sort of strangled groan, and she can’t help but giggle. “Right.”

“Mike?”

“Yeah.”

“I wouldn’t be mad if you did it again, though.”

Shit.